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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, containing news from all parts of the globe, and general news, well selected stories, history and valuable documents and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TELEGRAMS: "229" a year in advance. Single copy, one cent; extra copies, five cents; news may be obtained at the office of publication, or at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and specimens given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

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SOCIETIES OCCUPYING MERCURY HALL:

MACHINERY LONER, No. 93, N. E. O. F.; JOHN J. SANBORN, WARDEN; JAMES H. GODDARD, SECRETARY; meets 1st and 2d Thursday evening in each month.

NEWPORT HORSEMAN'S CLUB, BODKERY, RICHARD GARDNER, President; THOMAS FIELDHOUSE, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

ITWOOD, LONER, NO. D. K. O. F.; DAVID A. BLUES, CHANCELLOR; COMMANDER, ROBERT H. STICKLER, KEEPER OF RECORDS AND SEAL; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS, D. V. M. S., NO. 38, U. D. K. O. F.; J. S. KIRK, CAPTAIN; GEORGE A. WILCOX, EVERETT L. GORTON, RECORDER; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, NO. 2677, M. W. A.; A. A. PAPE, VEN. CONDUIT; CHARLES S. PARKER, CLARK; Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS; meets second and fourth Thursday in each month.

County Club Entertains.

The Members of the Newport Business Men's Association are Guests of the Younger Club.

The pool and whist teams of the Newport Business Men's Association and the Newport County Club met for the second time on Tuesday evening, the match on this occasion being played in the new rooms of the County Club. A large number of the members of the visiting club attended to watch the play, and were entertained by the hosts.

The whist match was played in the large music room on the lower floor, eight tables being engaged. The teams were made up as follows:

Business Men's Association—Darwin Baker and P. H. Stedman, Sanford T. Gladding and H. A. Peckham; John B. Durfee and Peter Pierter; R. Howard Clarke and William H. Clarke; H. B. Congdon and John B. Tilby; B. H. Stedman and J. P. Cotton; A. S. Benson and H. C. Stevens; Jr., E. K. Stevens and James S. Peckham.

County Club—C. W. Crandall and David Stevens; Allen Woodle and John H. Sweet; Jr., Harry R. Weaver and Charles Knowe; Frank N. Fullerton and H. G. Bleel; J. D. Atwater and G. E. Houghton; Jr.; H. C. Coughlin and M. S. Briggs; J. Frank Albro and H. E. Nelson; Robert Murphy and D. P. McCarthy.

The Business Men's Association won the whist match by 25 points.

The interest of the spectators from both clubs centered in the pool games. The individual matches were generally quite close and consequently very interesting. At this the County Club players were the winners, the scores being as follows:

County Club—Brothers McNamee, W. P. Clarke, 10; G. H. Draper, 10; A. W. Whipple, 10; J. H. Wetherell, 10; R. H. Read, 10; H. A. Cushing, 10; C. Durfee, 10; A. Stewart, 10.

At the end of each month.

Local Matters.

Street Railroads.

The Newport and Bristol Ferry Street Railway Company has been granted the charter asked for by the General Assembly, and it is said, that the organization under the charter will take place at an early day. The promoters of this enterprise claim to have the money in sight with which to build the road and construct the steam ferry across to the Bristol side of the bay. They say that work is to commence at once and claim that it will be running early this summer. An amendment was also granted to the charter of the Newport and Fall River Street Railroad, by which this company has permission to build through Tiverton to Little Compton. This extension must be made within a year. This ought to be a popular route. Col. Henry T. Sisson, of Little Compton, has labored many years for a road to his part of the state. Perhaps his wish may now be gratified.

Tuesday night a large vestibule car on the Island road on its way from this city to Fall River left the rails near the top of Quaker Hill while running at a good rate of speed. It struck a tree and tore it up, then crashed into a stone wall. Several passengers were badly shaken up but none are believed to be seriously injured. Mrs. Thomas C. Sherman and her sister, Miss Caswell, of this city, were among the injured. Motorman Littlefield suffered a painful sprain.

It has been some little time now since the Jeter family have given one of their delightful concerts in this city, although the various numbers have kept in practice by appearing in public at various cities in New England at frequent intervals. For this reason it is probable that they will be greeted by a large audience when they give their vocal and instrumental concert at the Gillett Baptist church. This concert will take place on Thursday evening, March 27, and the proceeds will be devoted to the chandelier fund.

The new quarters which Mr. James P. Taylor will shortly occupy in the Queen Anne building, are being very attractively arranged for him. Mr. Taylor will have modern conveniences which his old store has lacked, such as steam heat, electric light, etc. The store is very deep and at the rear has ample space for storage purposes, and the building is well lighted. Special show cases have been built in New York and will add to the convenience as well as attractiveness of the store.

The many customers who have patronized this establishment for many years will find in the more commodious apartments the same courteous treatment and strict integrity that they have known in the old.

Private George T. Linwood of the Seventy-eighth battery of Coast Artillery, who died at Fort Adams, was a native of New Hampshire. The remains were exorted to the train on Tuesday by a detachment from his company, the line being headed by the Seventh Artillery band. The body was taken to East Kingston, N. H., for interment.

Grand Master Lincoln of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, I. O. O. F., accompanied by a board of grand officers, paid an official visit to Rhode Island Lodge in this city Monday evening. At the completion of the work, supper was served and remarks were made by the visitors and officers of the lodge.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich has accepted an invitation to deliver the centennial address at the East Greenwich Academy, of which he is a graduate.

Channing Rice, son of Charles Rice, Janitor of the custom house, was accidentally shot in the thigh while gunning last Sunday.

Mr. R. P. Lee, formerly superintendent of the Newport street railway, has been in town this week.

General Assembly.

As the time for adjournment draws near the volume of business before the legislature increases. Several important measures have been acted on this week. On Tuesday a constitutional amendment was offered which extends liability to pay a poll tax to all male residents over 21 years of age. The bill to prevent the desecration of the flag has caused considerable annoyance to certain interested parties in the northern part of the state and two more bills with slightly changed provisions have been introduced to offset the first.

On Wednesday the Tiverton Police Commission bill was introduced by Representative Frost of that town. Another measure compels street railway companies to enclose platforms on new cars after Nov. 1 next during the months from November till April. The special order for the day, the bill regulating attendance of children in the public schools, was passed with some small amendments. A resolution came into the House appropriating \$2500 for work on the State Sanitarium for Consumptives under the direction of a commission created by the resolution.

A considerable portion of the time of the Senate on Thursday was given over to a discussion of the bill to increase the capital stock of the Providence Gas Company, and other corporations of Providence and vicinity attracted much attention. The Lodging House bill passed the House, and the act giving Providence permission to transfer to the United States Government a post office site on Exchange Place was recommended from the judicial committee and placed on the calendar. Numerous petitions for the Barbers' bill were received by the House, and in the Senate the same method of asking for the 10-hour law for street railway employees was used. The bill regarding safety appliances on elevators passed the upper branch and is now with the House committee on judiciary.

After the games were completed a collation was served by the County Club, after which all proceeded to the music room, where popular songs were sung to the accompaniment of Prof. Fredericks. It was late hours when the guests departed after an enjoyable evening.

Templar Entertainment.

Washington Commandery at its meeting on Wednesday evening voted unanimously to invite the members of Sutton Commandery of New Bedford and Godfrey DeBoullion of Fall River, with their ladies, to visit Newport on the evening of April 7, when they will be entertained by the members of Washington Commandery and their ladies. A large committee has been appointed to receive the visitors and it is the intention of the Commandery to make this one of the finest entertainments ever given by the Templars of Newport. The evening will be devoted to Templar whist, supper and dancing. The Seventh Artillery orchestra, thirteen piece, has been engaged for the occasion. The guests will come by special train on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R., arriving here at about 7:45 p.m., and returning at an early hour in the morning.

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Johnston Mill Burned.

Spectacular Fire Destroys Planing Mill in the Middle Cluster of Wooden Buildings—Large Loss and Small Insurance—Two Other Fires this Week.

That the many valuable wooden buildings in the region of Mr. J. D. Johnston's property on Mill and Pelham streets are standing today uninjured by fire is due to just one thing—the prompt, intelligent and fearless action of Newport's fire department. With a huge three story planing mill shooting forth volumes of flame in the midst of a cluster of large wooden buildings filled with inflammable material, it was the belief of all persons on the spot that several more buildings were certainly doomed to destruction. But the well directed efforts of the trained fire fighters confined the flames to the one building, but there the loss was total.

It was about 2:30 on Tuesday afternoon that the number 82 was sounded on the fire alarm. The apparatus responded promptly and found the large three story mill owned by J. D. Johnston on Mill street to be a seething furnace. Chief Kirwin, was quickly, on hand, took in the dangerous character of the fire at a glance, and immediately turned in a second alarm, followed quickly by a general alarm calling the entire department to the scene. From that time until late in the afternoon there was hard, dangerous work for the firemen. In fighting the worst fire Newport has known since the destruction of the Ocean House.

It was about 2:20 o'clock when some of the men in the building, about fifteen in number, smelled smoke and on investigation found a smart fire in the room near the electric motor. A brief effort to extinguish the fire was hopelessly ineffectual, and the flames spread with such amazing rapidity that the men were obliged to abandon tools and even outer clothing in the effort to reach the open air before being overcome. One man, who made more determined effort to save his personal belongings, succumbed on reaching the street but was quickly revived. Like the others he lost all.

As soon as possible an alarm was sent out and when the department arrived the interior of the building was a seething furnace. Black smoke, of impenetrable density, rolled forth from the doors, now and then followed by a burst of flame which again faded to reappear with increased ferocity. The smoke was suffocating, and as it beat down upon the men directing the streams from the wooden ladders, they were forced to fall back until another full came.

Fortunately during the early progress of the fire the small room on the second floor occupied as an office, was untouched by the flames and the employees of the mill were able to bring out from there many valuable plates and the books of the establishment.

It was about 30 minutes after the sounding of the first alarm that the flames burst through the roof, leaping high into the air. A moderate breeze prevailed from the west and fanned the flames. Adjoining the mill on the east is a small store house and next to this stands Mr. Johnston's residence. When the fire came through the roof, it appeared as though both these buildings were doomed. The Johnston house is also occupied by the family of James B. Brayton, and Mrs. Brayton, who is seriously ill, was carefully removed to the residence of Mrs. Harris across the street. Then many hands undertook the task of removing the contents of the house and the rooms were quickly stripped of all their belongings. At the rear of the mill also there were large wooden buildings which were in imminent danger.

It was at this time, when the condition appeared the most serious, that the best work of the firemen was done. All the buildings in the immediate vicinity were covered with streams of water and their roof and sides kept constantly wet. Then, while roof and walls of the burning structure were falling, threatening serious injury to the men, the work of pouring water into the seething flames, was continued at close range. The high chimney fell to the eastward with a crash, carrying down everything in its path. Chief Kirwin directed that the walls be reduced to a minimum. The high chimney fell to the eastward with a crash, carrying down everything in its path. Chief Kirwin directed that the walls be reduced to a minimum. The high chimney fell to the eastward with a crash, carrying down everything in its path. Chief Kirwin directed that the walls be reduced to a minimum.

The opening days will no doubt attract many, especially those who will want a new hat or toque for Easter Sunday.

The ladies of Charles E. Lawton Post Women's Relief Corps entertained the department, president, Mrs. Harriet Ford, and guests at the post hall Tuesday evening. An interesting program was given.

duced to one company which continued to pour water into the smouldering masses of half burned lumber. It was not until late on Wednesday that the last detail was finally ordered away.

The loss to Mr. Johnston is a serious one. He estimates his total loss at fully \$80,000, including building and contents, while the total insurance is but \$1000. The estimate of loss sustained by the employees, including their clothing and tools on which there was no insurance, is placed at \$3,000. The mill was built a number of years ago at a cost of \$9,000 and was equipped with every device to prevent fire, including fireproof paper under the sheathing of the walls and fireproof paint on the exterior. The roof was of slate, which did much to prevent the flying of dangerous sparks. The contents included, besides a valuable assortment of woodworking machinery, much valuable lumber, or inferior timbers.

Mr. Johnston intends to rebuild, constructing the new building of brick or stone and making it as nearly fireproof as possible. What insurance he had was placed through the agency of Mr. A. S. Sherman.

Ocean House Stables Burned.

About nine hours previous to the fire at the Johnston mill there was a two alarm fire on Berkeley avenue. One of the old unoccupied structures known as the Ocean House stables was totally destroyed by a fire which was probably of incendiary origin. An alarm was sounded from Box 53 about 5:30 Tuesday morning, and the many sparks from the fire, which threatened neighboring buildings, led Chief Kirwin to call more apparatus by sounding a second alarm. The fire was hot while it lasted but quickly burned itself out, the firemen preventing its spread to other property.

A slight fire in the same place was extinguished by neighbors on the previous evening. It is quite generally believed that the incendiary returned and finished his work Tuesday morning.

Fire at Clancy School.

Shortly after daylight Thursday morning an alarm was sounded from Box 10 for a fire in the Clancy school on Third street. Some of the apparatus mistook the box and went in the wrong direction and several pieces were stopped and ordered home before reaching the scene. The fire was hot while it lasted but quickly burned itself out, the firemen preventing its spread to other property.

A petition was received from Hurley P. Brownell, for a proposition to be submitted at the annual town meeting in April, to appropriate \$1000 for the improvement of the west end of the highway on the north side of Easton Beach, which passes around the Hanging Rock, and a similar petition was presented by Clinton G. Smith and others for the submission of a proposition to appropriate \$1,000 for filling and sealing that part of Green End Avenue, at the base of Honeyman's Hill. As usual the roads have been generally damaged by the action of the frost during the past three weeks, and in some instances the upheavals have rendered travel quite perilous. At present, however, the roads have nearly regained their normal state, barring many ruts and holes and some loose stones. The effect of this derangement was to emphasize the superiority of stone roads during the winter and early spring, and some of the advocates of stone roads declared their willingness to vote an appropriation of \$15,000 at the annual town meeting in April for the construction of macadam roads. For some years the appropriation has been \$5,000 but on Monday the Council decided to ask of the electors an increase of \$1,000 for the next municipal year ensuing April 2.

The Town Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Assessors on next Friday afternoon at two o'clock, when the voting lists will be canvassed and completed for the annual town meeting to be held on April 2.

Portsmouth.

The farmers have begun their spring sowing of fertilizer. Nine carloads of fertilizer arrived at Bradford station on Saturday of last week.

The piece of land which Portsmouth Grange voted to buy to erect a hall on opposite the residence of Mr. Warren R. Sherman.

There is to be a freight room, a truck room, an office, and a waiting room in the new depot at Bradford station at Portsmouth Grove.

The wood carver class of 14, which has been given gratuitous instruction during the winter by Mrs. John M. Eldridge at the Baylies cottage, was given a reception Tuesday evening, and Rev. J. H. Dennis gave a very interesting talk to the boys on his trip to the Bermudas.

Flat fish are now running and large catches are reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller will sail for Europe from New York on Saturday, March 29.

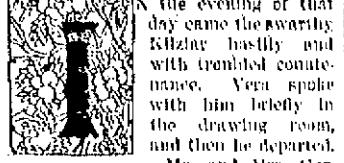
THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER VI.

PARIS TO STAVROPOL.



In the evening of that day came the awfully exciting news, with trembled countenance. Vera spoke with him briefly in the drawing room, and then he departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had gone out, expecting to return within the hour. Vera had been willing in her room, while in a dark corner of the veranda Darrell sat smoking a cigar and holding silent converse with an empty heart.

A servant had brought a soft felt hat for Darrell to wear, but the young man had tossed it down upon the warm spring evening. Some minutes after Kilbster's departure Vera came to the window through which Darrell had passed to the veranda and looked out, but she did not see him and he did not see her. Turning away, she noticed the hat upon the table, and she held it in her hands for a moment.

When she had gone, a servant entered, and, seeing the hat and deciding that Mr. Durrell did not require it, he took it back to the gentleman's room, where it remained unused for many days.

Darrell finished his cigar and re-entered the house. He hoped to find Vera in the music room, but she was not there, and as he turned to look elsewhere the butler handed him a note written upon cheap paper, hastily folded and sealed with great dabs of wax. He tore it open and read:

The name of the lady has been reported to the police, and immediate action will be taken. She will probably be arrested as an accomplice in the killing of Ladisler. She is not seriously suspected, but it is believed that her arrest will bring out other evidence.

The note was unsigned, but the writing was doubtful. Darrell had received other communiqués from the detective in similar form.

"Will you inform Miss Lorrimer that I would like to see her here?" said Darrell.

Vera had passed in that house as a cousin of the Miss Lorrimer who had been a guest before her and had been called by that name before the servants.

The butler summoned a maid, who went upon her errand and was gone so long that Darrell became anxious and himself ascended the stairs.

At the head of the staircase he met the maid, who said:

"We cannot find Miss Lorrimer. I am told that she has left the house."

"Have further search made instantly," replied Darrell. "I wish to see her upon a matter of great importance."

He descended the stairs and in the lower hall met Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, to whom he disclosed his news. He had scarcely done so when the maid returned with the positive assurance that Vera had gone out.

"Kilbster must have told her that her retreat was discovered," said Gordon.

"She could not find any of us!" groaned Darrell. "The poor girl had alone. What a series of fatalities!"

They had passed from the hall into the drawing room. Gordon now turned



He tore it open.

ed back and, addressing the butler, who stood with the maid near the door, ordered that Francois be summoned at once.

It appeared upon investigation that Francois could not be found, and upon the back of this instructive incident the police arrived in search of Vera. Naturally they did not find her. Gordon and Darrell left with calmness and dignity. They denied all knowledge of Miss Shevoleff, and they nearly convinced the officers, though those individuals had come with their minds full of perfect certainty.

At the expiration of a fearless boat the police detail departed, doubtless leaving scouts posted near the house. Presently Darrell went out to search for Vera, and he returned after midnight, having learned nothing. No word came from her during the night or the succeeding day.

Late in the afternoon both Gordon and Darrell were summoned to the police station of the district and were questioned closely. Like the boy who put 5 cents into the contribution box at church and took out half a dollar, they gave little and gained much more. They returned from the station with a very fair idea of the condition of the Ladisler investigation.

It appeared that the police had traced Ladisler to the point where the capture of Vera had been made, and a very little farther. They had then lost track of the carriage in which the princess was being taken away and had failed to get any hint about the facts of the rescue by Darrell. The vehicle had been found, of course, and there was an inference that it must have been attacked somewhere, but the police were unable to understand how

Darrell or Gordon could have planned in the matter; and they dared not make an arrest upon the evidence of Francois alone, for he proved to be a man of such a shady record that, having sold his information to an officer or police, he had disappeared because of fear that his incendiary past would cause him trouble.

Thus the whole matter hung in the wind, like a vessel taken aback for several days, which were among the worst that John Darrell could remember to have experienced. No word came from Vera, no hint of her fate, and the conviction grew stronger in Darrell's mind that the agents of the czar had again laid their hands upon her.

"It is a certainty," he said to Gordon; "otherwise she would have sent word. She is not the woman to be guilty of ingratitude. I am going to Stavropol."

"To Stavropol?" echoed Gordon. "She told me that she would probably be taken there for trial," replied Darrell. "It is a long chance, but I have no other, and I cannot remain inactive. This thing is eating the heart out of me, Robert."

Gordon attempted to dissuade him, but to no purpose.

"I must go," he said. "I rely upon you, Robert, to do everything that can be done here. Get to the bottom of the Ladisler case if you can. Spend all the money you can use to advantage. Here's a check for my balance at Morgan's, and you'll see it is not small. You'll find the post. Thank heaven, there are telegraph wires leading to most regions of the earth in these days. You can reach me through our cables."

Darrell took a train that afternoon at the Gare de l'Est, where he had had the extraordinary fortune to encounter Gatchikoff, whom in the past few days he had made many ineffectual attempts to find. The Russian was just alighting from a very elegant private equipage belonging to a young widow of enormous wealth and excellent family, but of a reputation sometimes affected in whispers. Gatchikoff was evidently starting upon a long journey, and his farewell to the lady was somewhat strenuous, considering the public place in which it occurred.

As he was about to board the train Darrell accosted him. Gatchikoff seemed startled, yet neither surprised nor altogether pleased. His manner was somewhat puzzling to Darrell. It did not lack cordiality. Indeed Gatchikoff was making arrangements that they should travel together, and before they had ridden five miles he confided to the American that he was engaged to the lady in whose carriage he had come to the station and that the marriage, for every reason, was the most desirable thing in life for him.

From Paris to Stavropol is a long way under the best circumstances. To Darrell, with the burden of his nearly hopeless mission, it was almost unbearable. In conversations with Gatchikoff he approached the subject of his journey as nearly as he dared, and he obtained the other side of Vera Shevoleff's story. Naturally her father was represented by Gatchikoff to have been a traitor to the czar and justly condemned. Yet Gatchikoff treated the subject without malignity, almost with sympathy, speaking often of the private virtues of Count Koustantin and of the noble character of his wife. As to Vera he professed ignorance.

"She was only a child then," he said. "I knew little about her. It is rumored that she is now high in the counsels of the nihilists, but I cannot speak of that from my own knowledge. If she were in trouble in Stavropol, my father would spare her to the last limit of his power."

And somehow this final sentence seemed to ring true in Darrell's ears and to give him hope.

Otherwise the journey was without incident, except that mysterious men were always bobbing up from unexpected places to hold long and serious talks with Gatchikoff.

"I will accompany you to a good hotel," said Gatchikoff as they prepared to leave the train at the end of their long journey. "Later I hope to have you for my guest at the palace. But this matter of your connection with Vera Shevoleff!"

"What do you know of that?" demanded Darrell.

"To be frank, I have heard rumors," was the answer. "And Russia is not America, you know."

"Thank God America is not Russia," said Darrell. "If ever a man learns to love his country, it is when he appreciates its virtues and regard for the rights of its people. Yet I anticipate no trouble here."

"Patron, colonel. By orders of his excellency!"

Two men had stopped before them on the street.

"What is it?" asked Gatchikoff. "Have you a message to me from my father?"

"None, colonel; but we have orders to arrest at once Sergius Blowski, the man at your side."

"Blowski!" exclaimed Darrell. "My name is Darrell. I am an American citizen."

"Your name is Sergius Blowski, and you are a prisoner," was the reply of the man, laid his hand on Darrell's arm, but the American thrust him aside.

At the same time the other handed Gatchikoff a paper. As he read it he turned white, but at the close he set his teeth firmly together, as one who has taken a strong determination.

"For heaven's sake, Gatchikoff, tell these men they are mistaken," cried Darrell. "I'll knock one of them down in a minute!"

"For that's sake, you will only make worse," said Gatchikoff. "Go then. I will interests with my father."

"But they want a man named Blowski," said Darrell.

Gatchikoff made no reply. Instead he seemed about to utter a word.

"Do you deny your identity?" demanded the other who had made the arrest.

"I only don't deny it," rejoined Darrell. "I am prepared to prove it. Have the kindness to glance at my father."

The man with the calmness of a

mechanical engineer took the halberd and kept it. Then, turning to Gatchikoff, he said:

"You have traveled from Paris with this inspect. What do you know of him?"

"I believe him to be Sergius Blowski," replied Gatchikoff, white as a ghost.

"Why, you wretch!" exclaimed Darrell, "you were introduced to me by an attaché of the British embassy who has known me for ten years, as you are well aware."

If Gatchikoff had any reply to make, he was not permitted to utter it, for



"My name is Darrell."

the police officer immediately commanded Darrell to follow him and at the word four guards "fell in" around him with military precision. Resistance would have been a grotesque folly, and Darrell did not attempt it. He marched away, surrounded by his captors, who led him to a low, stone structure fronting a public square of a mean appearance. Within this building he was brought before an official, who heard the charge against him which was not properly an accusation, but merely a name, and committed him to custody. No defense was allowed. The prisoner, indeed, declared his name and nationality, but not the slightest attention was given to his words. The whole proceeding did not occupy four minutes, and it ended by the magistrate signing a document of commitment which was suspiciously handy upon his desk.

Outside of Stavropol the road was smooth for a considerable distance, and the cavalcade moved slowly along through a rural scene of what might have been prosperous comfort and wealth had it not been for the stagnation arising from the policy of the deputized government of Gatchikoff.

At the end of the day's march they rested at a little post village. In the morning they again advanced and at night reached Glugorsk, on the main road leading to the pass over the Caucasus to Tiflis.

Darrell was treated with no more and no less consideration than any other of the prisoners. To the officers and soldiers of the escort he was simply the utilist Sergius Blowski, and no argument could make him anything more.

After leaving Glugorsk the way became more rugged, though the road itself was smooth and hard, traveled as it was by the numerous trading caravans from north to south that crossed and recrossed the mountains.

Finally they reached Mzodok, where a stay of two days was made. Their next stopping place was Vladikavkaz, on the upward slope of the steep mountain pass.

Ten hours after leaving Vladikavkaz, in the morning, the turrets of Gredskov could be seen.

Darrell knew nothing of Gredskov, and as none of the soldiers would talk to him and he was not allowed to speak to his fellow prisoners he could obtain no information in regard to it. But as the crowning battlements could be seen rising above the trees he noted that the other prisoners became more dejected, and their faces expressed a terrible fear.

It appeared, then, that Gredskov was a place to be dreaded.

At the gate of Gredskov the cavalcade was met by an officer, who halted the prisoners and took from the captain of the escort a paper. This contained the list of names, and the two officers went over it together.

Even then Darrell was not allowed to speak, though he made a desperate attempt to tell the officer at the gate who he was.

Without ceremony he was taken from the column of prisoners, handed over to fresh guards and rudely hustled into a low building that was built close to and under the city wall.

Here he was thrust into a dungeon that was floored with stone, walled with stone and roofed with stone.

There was one little window, which opened high in the wall. Through this narrow aperture, when standing upon his table, he could see an esplanade, upon which regiments of the city's garrison sometimes paraded.

For a day or two Darrell cherished the hope that he would be returned to Stavropol, that the trick had been played to keep him out of the city at a critical time when his intervention in Vera's favor might have intervened to the advantage of the czar. But as the time wore on he began to realize that his view of the affair was erroneous and that his liberty was lost forever unless he could win it back by his own hands.

While he fully realized the difficulties of his position, he did not despair. He knew that he was destined for Siberia, but the way to Siberia is long, and the opportunities to escape many.

The guard who controlled the door of Darrell's dungeon was a young Russian named Kavrik, a boy for whom Gatchikoff had created the story of Sergius Blowski that came with the prince's bearing that name, he had treated Darrell with a courtesy that forbade any attempt at conversation. But this was broken into friendly relations by a singular circumstance.

He was led before a singular tribunal. The Judge sat in a cushioned bower as a bower, and there were a dozen persons present, including prison guards and clerks. A villainous looking individual with a face so sanguine that he seemed to be made from the bodies of two very different men that had been split longitudinally sat as state's attorney. He charmed the prisoner with long escape stories.

"I only don't deny it," rejoined Darrell. "I am prepared to prove it. Have the kindness to glance at my father."

"Your name is Sergius Blowski, and you are a prisoner," was the reply of the man.

"None, colonel; but we have orders to arrest at once Sergius Blowski, the man at your side."

"Blowski!" exclaimed Darrell. "My name is Darrell. I am an American citizen."

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opening remarks were brief, and he gathered through them at such a gait that Darrell had hard work to follow him.

Witnesses were then admitted, one at a time, from an adjoining room. They swore to the prisoner's identity with such certainty that three of them recited within five minutes. Darrell was not permitted to question them, but at the close of the farce he had a chance to testify in his own behalf. As it to make the proceedings perfectly fair, nobody questioned him. When he had said his say, the judge signed some documents, and the officer who had brought Darrell in received them.

"The prisoner will be taken to Siberia at the earliest opportunity."

He then left the bench, vanishing through a door behind it. Darrell was led back to the room in which he had been previously confined. He was not fettered, and there was no added severity in the treatment of him except that an armed guard was placed within the room, a gigantic fellow with a good mustache, who sat on a stool tilted back against the door with a short gun, like a cavalry carbine, across his knees.

Darrell had struggled to preserve his self-command throughout the trials of the trial, well aware that the approval of his own sense of honor was all he had to hope for. He had maintained a calm demeanor from first to last, and in his prison room he addressed his guard cheerfully.

"Where is this Gredskov?" he asked.

"Gredskov," was the reply, with a sort of pitying grin. "Is a prison city in the Caucasus mountains. It is maintained for the purpose of guarding the captives taken among the rogues of the mountains—Circassians, robbers, Turks or any of the bad men who seek to plot against the czar. Every three months a prison train is made up for Siberia, where the prisoners are divided among the mining towns."

Darrell's stay in Stavropol was short. On the following morning he was placed with about a dozen other prisoners, all seeming of the lowest type of peasants, and was conducted under a strong guard to the city gate. He had not been dressed in any sort of prison garb and still retained his minor belongings and the money that he had been replaced by a cap and his overcoat by a ragged garment that might have been a part of an officer's outfit in the past.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. BANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, March 22, 1902.

It is generally understood that the January session of the General Assembly will come to an end next Friday, leaving three weeks more in which the members can remain in session, which will go over to next November.

Last year the United States produced 185,000 tons of beet sugar, an increase of 108,000 tons over 1890. Forty-two factories were in operation last year, with nine in course of construction. Factories have been established in sixteen states.

Another sign of spring is the periodical disputes from our Pacific ports stating that the Nome boom is again. There is gold in Alaska and on the Yukon, but no certain road to wealth by any means. The treasure so far has been produced at heavy cost.

American history moves fast. Since the Republicans assumed control of the government in 1897, the territory of the United States has been enlarged by the acquisition of Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam, part of Samoa, Porto Rico, and the Danish West Indies.

An adjournment of Congress early in June is anticipated, for the reason that congressmen will be anxious to get home and devote their energies to a re-election in the fall. Some of them will lead a more strenuous life this summer than they have been living in Washington.

New national bank notes are soon to be issued. They bear the portraits of two former Presidents and two former secretaries of the treasury. The one that will be most highly prized has the picture of Controller Knox, and it will be easily worth \$100. A Sherman will command \$50, a McCulloch \$20, a McKinley \$10 and a Harrison but \$5.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal declares that "Davy Crockett" has about as much chance to be "President" as Jack Revere." That is about the size of it. As a matter of fact Revere could carry more States in the South than Hill—Chattanooga News.

This would seem to indicate that the South does not like New York's pet Democrats. Nothing but Bryan and flat money will pull the South.

There was opposition at a hearing before the committee on corporations of the House of Representatives, Tuesday afternoon, to the bill to incorporate the Rhode Island Company, which proposes to merge the United Traction Company, Narragansett Electric Lighting Company and Providence Gas Company. The Hon. Wm. C. Parker, formerly mayor of this city, who appeared as a stockholder of the companies concerned, opposed the merger bill in a lengthy address, declaring it to be "a dangerous measure, and against the interest of the citizens of Providence."

The good people of Tiverton having got tired of furnishing in their town a rendezvous for all the toughs in Fall River, have asked the General Assembly to create a police commission for their town similar to the one in force in Newport and Providence. The petition asking for this commission is very largely signed and by representative men of the town, of both parties. If there is any town in the state that needs a police commission that town is Tiverton. This bill probably will not come up on the part of the General Assembly in giving them what they want.

The Worcester Sun says: "With the approaching political campaign in this state next November will be contested from start to finish. Already there are indications that the Democrats are planning to make a powerful effort to secure control of the next National house of representatives, which would be a disastrous condition viewed from a Republican standpoint, as it would effectively block all legislation relating to the now interests which the country has assumed, and would throw into confusion much that requires orderliness more than anything else." In this state likewise the Democratic leaders are laying their plans for a more vigorous campaign than usual. They claim that they will be able to carry every city in the State and a number of the country towns. They expect to get possession of the Governor and his associates on the State ticket and the House of Representatives. They have not got so far yet as to claim the Senate.

The action of the house of representatives in dealing with the flag bill is not commendable to say the least. The vast majority of the people in this state, as in every other state in the Union, desire to see the National emblem kept clean and free from contamination of every kind. The reverence we have for the ensign of freedom should not be weakened by constantly seeing it prostituted to base uses, or seeing it made the medium of some sharp advertiser to advance his business. The United States flag was never intended for advertising purposes, and no form of advertising should be allowed in connection with it. The great majority of all the states in the Union have passed laws protecting the flag. Is this state similar laws have been asked for by the Grand Army of the Republic, by all the patriotic societies of the state and by thousands of good citizens. The General Assembly ought to heed their wishes.

Material for the new railroad drawbridge at India Point, Providence, is being delivered, and within a few weeks a large force of men will be employed.

Secretary Long steps out, leaving a greater American navy and a grander record of achievements by the men behind the guns.

Weather Bulletin.

Copied, 1902, by W. T. Foster.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Mar. 22.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 23 to 27, warm wave 22 to 26, cool wave 25 to 29.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 28, cross west of Rockies by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to 31, eastern states April 1.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about March 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states April 1. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about March 31, great central valleys April 2, eastern states April 4.

Temperature of the week ending March 31 will average above and rainfall about normal.

About date of this bulletin the great hot wave will be in the extreme northwest with a cold wave behind it, a moderate cool wave in Ohio valley and a moderate warm wave passing out onto the Atlantic.

In the above mentioned under the most important storm forces of the month will cross the western hemisphere bringing the greatest of extremes to the North American continent at the close of the month.

General rains will come with that storm wave and, in reference to moisture, will leave the soil in better condition for producing a crop; but the cold weather to follow will make the crop growing season late and will be particularly unfavorable to corn planting.

A cold back-to-spring frost corn that has been planted and therefore this cold spell at the close of March will be very unfavorable to that crop along the 38th parallel. Better wait and plant your corn later.

Of course late planted corn is in danger of getting caught by early fall frosts but nothing can be gained by putting corn in the ground to rot. Remember last spring, if then advised as I do now and very similar weather will close this month of March.

There are many diversities of crop, but it is one never failing effect of it to live dispeased and discontented.

Washington Matters.

The Chinese Exclusion Bill—Reciprocity is still an issue. The Adjournment will be in June—Important Bills Yet to Come—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1902. The Senate devoted all last week to the consideration of the ship subsidy bill and will vote upon it today. The debate was marked by an able speech from Senator Perkins, of California, a speech by Senator Depew and another by Senator Foraker, in which he said that, while the measure was not all that he could desire, he regarded it as perhaps the best which could now be framed and that, as it had the entire approval of the majority, he would support it. Senators Frye and Hanna both expressed themselves on Saturday as certain that the bill would pass and Senator Perkins told me he believed it would not only pass the Senate but the House as well.

Senator Penrose tells me that he will make an earnest effort to have the Chinese Exclusion bill, which has been perfected in his committee, made the leading order of business, following the disposal of the "anti-quarantine" bill otherwise known as "an act for the protection of the President." The wishes of the Senator from Pennsylvania are opposed, however, by Senator Proctor whose committee is prepared to report the immigration bill.

Senator Culion has not deviated from his opinion in regard to reciprocity. "I am still of the opinion that, from a practical standpoint, as well as on economic grounds, we should at least make a beginning in the way of reciprocity at this session of Congress," said the Senator when I inquired the status of the treaties in his committee on Saturday. "My committee will take up the treaties next week and all of the heats will receive the most careful consideration. Of course, until such an examination has been made it is impossible to predict the outcome, but I feel confident that we will be able to report to the Senate some treaties worthy of support." As to the likelihood of securing senatorial action in any of the treaties at this session Mr. Culion was not unanimous but he said the work of his committee would be none the less careful and painstaking than if immediate action by the Senate was assured.

Senator Hale told the newspapermen on Thursday that he thought Congress would adjourn about the tenth of June and as the Senator from Maine is a member of both the Committee on Appropriations and of the Steering Committee he probably knows. Such early adjournment would mean, however, that many important questions would go over until the short session. With the anti-anarchy bill, the anti-clearing-gauge bill, the Chinese Exclusion bill and the various appropriation bills still to be considered, there will not be much time left for other business. Senator Morgan still hopes to secure action on the Hepburn sugar bill and told me last week that he believed it would pass. Senator Hanna, however, is opposed to it and still favors further consideration of the Panama route, but he has abandoned his advocacy of the Dalton route. Mr. Hanna does not hesitate to show his anger at the attempt of the Senator from Alabama to rush through his favorite bill and has announced his intention of making a vigorous fight for the Spooner amendment which provides that, if the Department of Justice decides that a clear title can be conveyed by the Panama company and the Colombian government, the President shall be authorized to purchase the French company's property at the price named \$10,000,000. Senator Allison, as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, has shown a slight disposition to question the advisability of appropriating so much money to be spent outside of the United States, and there are those who say that Mr. Allison may present serious opposition if the question of a route is decided.

The Cuban reciprocity bill is another measure which will occupy considerable time in the Senate unless present signs fall. Senator Perkins assures me that the Senate will defeat it and Senator Rawlins and other democratic senators, while unwilling to positively announce their course in advance, have given me to understand that they do not regard the measure with favor. Senator Lodge, on the other hand, is quite positive that it will pass, as are Senator Penrose and numerous others. The republican senators will heartily support the administration, said the latter when I asked him what were the prospects of the bill in the Senate.

During the past week the House has passed the rural free delivery bill, so amended that carriers shall be paid a salary not to exceed \$800 per year, and the post office appropriation bill, after having amended the latter to provide for the rural delivery service. While these measures have been considered on the floor of the House the interest of the members has centered upon the contest between the high protectionists and beet sugar men and the leaders who favor the Ways and Means bill. The problem is now in the hands of a joint committee composed of representatives of both factions. It is probable the decision will be made public today and will consist of the ascent of the beet sugar men to the Ways and Means bill granting 20 per cent. reduction, on a reciprocity basis for a period limited to September 1, 1903, at which time the European countries will cease to pay bounties on beet sugar, and with the understanding that the Senate will neither increase the amount of the reduction nor extend the time limitation.

The efforts of the President to bring about unity in the House have been marked by most capable politicos and he has surprised even his most ardent admirers by his tact and patience. Representative Tawney, who has been one of the leaders of the opposition, said to me Saturday, "I am a protectionist and I am a republican. I do not agree with the leaders of the House as to the expediency of this legislation; nevertheless, I have no desire to cause a rupture in the party and, therefore, I am prepared to make any reasonable compromise in order to secure harmony"; and Mr. Tawney probably voices the position of all those who have heretofore so earnestly opposed the administration on the question of Cuban reciprocity.

Mr. Augustus S. Benson is confined to his home by illness.

"Joshua" asked Mrs. Chugwater, "What is a bucket shop?"

"It's a place, I suppose," replied Mr. Chugwater, looking impatiently up from his newspaper, "where they empty the water out of stocks."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bronco Quinine Tablets. All drugs refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

There are many diversities of crop, but it is one never failing effect of it to live dispeased and discontented.

Election of Officers.

Newport Historical Society,

President—V. Matt Franklin,

Vice-President—George Johnson King, Hamilton Tompkins,

Treasurer and Librarian—R. Hinman III, Tracy.

Recording Secretary—Robert S. Franklin,

Corresponding Secretary—George H. Hinman,

Curator of Coins and Medals—Elwin P. Hinman,

Directors—W. Watts Sherman, A. G. Old,

Taylor, Lewis L. Sherman, Daniel B. Hinman and the officers of the society.

There is more cabinetry in this section of the country than all the other sections put together.

Within the last few years our neighbors to the north have been engaged in a lumber industry.

For a year many great forests

have been cut down.

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DOZEN DROWNED

By Capsizing of Lifeboat Off Monomoy Station

SEVEN WERE LIFESAVERS

Who Had Taken Other Men From a Stranded Barge—Hard Efforts to Reach Shore in Tremendous Seas—but One Survivor of Disaster

Chatham, Mass., March 18.—Seven brave lifesavers, practically the entire crew of the Monomoy station, on the south end of Cape Cod, met death yesterday at their post of duty, and with them in the treacherous sea which capsized the lifeboat went five men from the stranded barge Wadene, whom they valiantly tried to bring in safety to the shore. One "lumb" Lentral Ellis, through the heroic work of Captain Mayo of another stranded barge, the John G. Fitzpatrick, was rescued from the bottom of the upturned boat just as he was about to follow his companions to their watery grave.

Among those lost was William N. Mack of Cleveland, who was on the barge representing his company, the Bonell Towing and Transportation company of that city, while Captain Marshall N. Eldridge, one of the oldest life-savers on the coast, went down with his men. All the life-savers came from Chatham and Norwich, and all leave families. There is no government pension for those whose husbands and fathers are lost in the lifesaving service, so that the lot of these families is a hard one. The names of those who were lost yesterday are as follows:

Lifesavers—Marshall N. Eldridge, keeper; Edgar Small, Elijah Kendrick, Oxborn Clark, Arthur Rogers, Isaac E. Foye and Valentine Nickerson. From the barge—William H. Mack, Cleveland; Captain Christian Olsen, Boston; Robert Molanox, Boston; Walter Azvedo and Manuel Eros, both of College City.

The scene of the accident was in the well known tide rips off Monomoy Point, which hooks down from Chatham into Nantucket sound. Last Thursday the barges Wadene and John G. Fitzpatrick, on the way up to Boston with cargoes of coal, stranded on the Showful shoal, about three-quarters of a mile off Monomoy Point. Sunday night the tug Peter Smith ran alongside the Wadene and told those on board that a storm was coming on. All the wreckers were taken on board the tug with the exception of the five men who met their fate yesterday. Mr. Mack refused to leave. About 8 o'clock the captain decided to run into Hyannis, a distance of about 15 miles, leaving the barges still stranded.

Captain Eldridge, who had been watching the barges very closely, thought he sighted signals of distress on the Wadene yesterday forenoon. At that time the captain was about a mile below the station, near the point. He at once sent word to the station for the crew and the surfboat and about 10 o'clock the men came down the bank. At that time the wind was blowing nearly a gale from the southeast. The crew had no difficulty in getting off, and it was a comparatively easy pull until they rounded the point. There they met the full force of the wind and the sea, but as the tide was running to the westward, the lust of the ebb, the water was not particularly rough. Nevertheless it took the crew nearly an hour to reach the barge, by that time the tide had turned to the eastward and a fierce cross-sea had been kicked up by the gale.

Captain Eldridge steered the tossing lifeboat under the lee of the Wadene, and one after another the five men dropped into the boat. With the wind astern it seemed comparatively easy to gain the smooth water behind the point, but finally a tremendous sea caught the boat under the stern and she went over, throwing all the men into the water. The lifesavers clung to the boat and managed to pull the Wadene men along with them. An attempt was made to right the boat, but the lifesavers only managed to get her partially cleared. They had some hope, however, of finally reaching land, until another wave capsized her again and left them all struggling in the water.

Mr. Mack was the first to succumb, and one by one they dropped away until there were only four left, and these by the utmost exertions managed to clamber up on the bottom of the overturned boat. All were fearfully exhausted and were being constantly swept by the heavy seas. The four men drifted down in the direction of the Fitzpatrick, where Captain Mayo of that boat caught sight of them. With great daring he dropped a dory overboard and jumping in it started after the exhausted men. Before he reached the boat three of them had fallen off into the sea and had been carried away, but Ellis managed to hold on and caught the rope which Captain Mayo threw to him. He was dragged aboard and then Captain Mayo pulled around the point into the smooth water and landed the only survivor of the 13 who started from the barge. Ellis was too exhausted to give any account of his experience for two or three hours after getting ashore.

A Youthful Pyromaniac
Providence, March 17.—For the next 10 years Catherine Copley, 11 years old, will be kept under restraint, the authorities having conclusively demonstrated to Judge Sweetland that the girl is dangerous to the public safety because of her propensity for starting fires.

For Brave Men's Families
Boston, March 19.—It does not take Boston long to start a fund for a worthy cause, and the news of the bravery of the men at Monomoy who lost their lives in trying to save others and who left families in distress was no sooner read than a move for relief was started. Lee, Higginson & Co., are receiving subscriptions.

**COMING TO NEWPORT.**

CAPTAIN RICHMOND P. HOBSON, the hero of the Merrimac, will speak on "The Navy and the Nation" at the Newport Opera House, on Friday evening, April 18, under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R.

Tickets, 50c.
Reserved Seats, 75c.

CLOSING CHAPTER

Freight Handlers Return to Work at Boston

NEARLY ALL REINSTATED

Conditions of Employment Are but Slightly Changed From Those Previously Existing—An Independent Strike of a Few Longshoremen

Boston, March 18.—The great strike of last week, involving 20,000 union men, was completely wiped out yesterday, when practically every man went back to his work under conditions but slightly changed from those existing when the trouble began. The only incident in the labor situation is the strike of 75 longshoremen at the Clyde line wharves. This is not naturally an offshoot of the big strike but an independent strike brought about by two disgruntled workmen. On Sunday night the meeting of the longshoremen's union was so warm and the attitude of the men so threatening that the foreman was for trouble at the wharves of several of the constwise steamer docks. Yesterday practically all the longshoremen applied for and got work, thus solving the freight problem on the water front.

At the freight sheds of the railroads the number of men left without immediate employment was less than 600, but during the day most of the men were used in one way or another, somewhere, in the effort to move freight expeditiously. The state board of arbitration was in touch with every point and wherever a question arose between the men and their employers good offices were exercised.

"About noon 75 men on the Clyde line struck because two men taken back did not get their old places, although given work. The board of arbitration does not consider this a part of the general strike, but is endeavoring to settle it."

Blondin in Jail.

Boston, March 17.—J. W. Blondin, under indictment for the murder of his wife, whose body was found in the Chelmsford woods last summer, was brought here from New York by Officer Chapman and Detectives Ihodges and Proctor. They were driven to the state police headquarters. For nearly two hours the party remained in the office, but nothing was given out to the newspaper men waiting in the corridor. Blondin did not appear at all nervous. Shortly after midnight the officers took their prisoner to Cambridge jail, where he was formally delivered to Sheriff Fairbairn.

No Proof of Bribery.

Fall River, Mass., March 19.—The committee appointed by the city government to investigate the charges of bribery made against City Clerk Brayton by President Riley of the common council and Counsellor Cosgrove, gave a hearing last night and after hearing three witnesses voted unanimously not to sustain the charges. The three witnesses were the two counsellors who started from the barge. Ellis was too exhausted to give any account of his experience for two or three hours after getting ashore.

Trolley Car Went Astray

Fall River, Mass., March 19.—A large vestibule electric car jumped the track in Portsmith, R. I., last night, with 21 passengers aboard, and several of them were injured, but none seriously. The car left the track without warning and pounded over the ground for 60 feet, bringing up with terrific force against a stone wall. The running part of the car was considerably stove up.

Mrs. Munsey Bailed

Concord, N. H., March 19.—Boil was secured for Mrs. Martha S. Munsey yesterday and she left the Merrimack county jail for her home in Pittsfield. Mrs. Munsey is wanted in Massachusetts for the alleged uttering of forged wills and her case is to come before the supreme court on the question of the legality of the Massachusetts indictment.

MILES IS AROUSED

Says He Will Resign If Root Army Bill Is Passed

DESTROYS UNITY OF ARMY

Illustrates Beneficial Effect of One Head in Time of Emergency—General May Have Exposed Himself to Disciplinary Treatment

Washington, March 21.—General Nelson A. Miles yesterday told the senate committee on military affairs that if the bill introduced by Senator Hawley at the instance of the war department for the organization of a general staff for the army should become a law he would decline to longer hold his commission. The reason he gave for the statement is that the bill is utterly subversive of the interests of the military establishment, and he said that he would not be a party to such a proceeding to the extent even of continuing to hold his place. The statement was made in the course of a prolonged hearing by the committee which was conducted behind closed doors, and in which General Miles touched upon a variety of subjects connected with the army.

The portion of the bill to which he directed his especial criticism is that contained in section 7, reading as follows: "That from and after the passage of this act the senior officer of the army shall be assigned to command such portion of the army as the president may direct, or be detailed to duty in the general staff corps. All duties prescribed by law for the commanding general of the army shall be performed by the chief of the general staff or other general officer designated by the secretary of war; provided that so long as the present Lieutenant general of the army continues in the active list, he shall be the chief of the general staff, and upon the separation from active service, of said Lieutenant general of the army, said office, except as herein provided, shall cease and determine."

General Miles said that if this provision should become a law it would have the effect of destroying the unity of the army, and he read numerous authorities, including Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Cass and Grant to show the necessity of having one head to the army and of controlling authority.

His own experience and observation had, he said, had the effect of confirming those views, and he gave an illustration of its beneficial effect in time of emergency, instituting the beginning of the war with Spain.

"I heard at midnight," he said, "that the Spanish fleet had been located definitely at Santago, and I hastened to the home of Secretary Long, where the news was confirmed. Shafter was then at Tampa, and I sat down there in the secretary's house and wrote a dispatch directing him to start immediately for Santago, with the result that the army was soon on its way to the point where its presence was needed."

He added, exhibiting the message

which he had sent to General Shafter, "suppose I had been compelled to get around to a dozen or more minors, as many colonels and any number of generals constituting a general staff?"

The news of General Miles' statements before the military committee of the senate excited great interest at the war department when it became known, there late in the day. There was a very general inquiry as to whether Miles had not exposed himself to disciplinary treatment. The answer to this must be based on the exact amount of privilege which attaches to testimony given before a committee of congress.

Had Saved Many Lives.

Hull, Mass., March 20.—Captain Joshua James of the Point Allerton lifesaving station dropped dead yesterday while drilling his men. Death was due to heart failure. Captain James was in his 77th year, and was one of the best known lifesavers in the country. He was given a medal by the government for his splendid service during one winter, when with his men he saved the crews of several vessels driven ashore. He had many narrow escapes from death.

Hefty Green's Husband Dead.

Bellows Falls, Vt., March 20.—Edward Green, husband of Hetty Green, died at his home here yesterday. Mr. Green, who was 70 years old, had been an invalid for several years. He was a pioneer in the East India trade and made a fortune. He married Harriet H. Robinson, daughter of New Bedford Quaker, who, dying, bequeathed millions to her.

Good News From Sugar Camps.

Pownal, Vt., March 18.—In the past week roads have been broken into the maple sugar groves in southern Vermont and the season is now in full swing. An excellent run of sap is reported. From the present outlook the crop will probably exceed that of the last two years.

Gems Brought \$5550 at Auction.

Burlington, Vt., March 20.—An auction sale of 291 meet diamonds, seized from the person of Hierst Stavitsky by the United States authorities while Stavitsky was en route from Montreal, was held yesterday. The gems were sold for \$5000 to Stern Brothers of New York.

Hundred Million for Good Roads.

Washington, March 18.—Representative Osgood of Virginia yesterday introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000,000 as a "good road fund" to improve the highways of the country.

Convicted of Manslaughter.

Boston, March 19.—Antonio Francis was convicted by a jury in the superior criminal court yesterday of manslaughter in causing the death of Giovanni Celio. The defendant shot Celio Dec. 31 at a house in Everett street. The man had had some trouble over a woman. Francis was given eight to ten years in state prison.

Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Free With Every Package of

Pillsbury's Oat Food

We give you a Package of

VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD.**RALSTON HOMINY GRITS.****PURINA PAN-CAKE FLOUR.**

S. S. THOMPSON,

Postal Station No. 1.

172 TO 176 BROADWAY.

ANNUAL**REDUCTION****SALE.**

We shall not attempt to advertise a "Hurrah Sale" of these goods—as that style of doing business is entirely out of our line.

Every few days something is marked down simply because things don't come out even.

Our entire stock of broken lines in all departments reduced in like proportion, irrespective of regular selling price.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH AT THIS SALE.

Newport One Price**Clothing Co.,**

208

THAMES STREET.

208

Grand Spring Opening in Millinery**AT****SCHREIER'S,**

143 THAMES STREET.

Wednesday & Thursday,

March 26th & 27th.

EASTER ATTRACTION.

Exquisite Designs of

PATTERN HATS and

TOQUES.

Endless Display of all the Newest

Millinery Novelties.

LADIES are invited to call on above dates.

NO CARD SENT OUT.

SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET.

EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

—AND—

Black Grain Boots!

ALSO

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

LODGE ROOMS

OR

SOCIETY ROOMS

TO LET IN THE

MERCURY BUILDING, 181 and 184

THAMES STREET.

HANDSOME LARGE HALL, well furnished for Lodge purposes, either two or three ante-rooms may be desired.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

<p

HOW HOBSON DID IT.

The Merrimac was heading about west-southwest. The engine telegraph was turned to "slow speed ahead," the helm put astern, and we gathered headway and swung round by the sternward and stood up slowly on the centre. The moon was about an hour and half high, and steering for the Morro, we were running straight down the reflected path of light. To clear this we stood to the eastward of the course, and kept along obliquely at about four knots. Charlotte was sent to see that all the men were equipped and the revolvers loaded. It took only a short time to strip off uniforms and put on revolver-belts and life-preservers. Charlotte came back and reported that all the men were equipped except the two below, who had slipped to breech-cloths, and who asked permission to leave their revolver-belts and life-preservers at the head of the hatch on account of the inconvenience in working engines and boilers.

We were within five hundred yards and still no token from the enemy, though the silence was ominous. All should make the channel now, no matter what they might do. I knew how long the vessel carried headway, we were making nearly nine knots, and soon the flood-tide would help while we had over seven thousand tons of reserve buoyancy that would carry us the required distance even under a mortal wound.

Another ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected dash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over. It must have passed astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a picket-boat with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he is firing at our tender, and we shall be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length! If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could dispose of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there lay un molested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, a vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The admiration due this gallant little picket-boat did not come till afterward. Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the looked-for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm" was the order. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even, without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charlotte, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room. If telegraph and signal-flag should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning. Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for the benefit of the helmsman. Then over the engine telegraph went the order: "Stop. Sure as steady the answer-pointer turned. There need have been no anxiety about the conduct of the brave men below.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. Oh, heaven! Our steering-gear was gone, shot away at the last moment, and we were charging forward straight down the channel!

It is difficult to state just how the steering-gear was disabled. The Spanish Lieutenant in charge of the picket-boat claimed that he shot away the rudder and the whole stern structure. It is certain, however, that he had not done this up to a point within half a ship's length from the position where the helm was ordered to be put over. As referred to farther on, Montague reported a large projectile striking the stern structure as it cut the anchor-lashing. This shell may have destroyed the rudder-head. In addition, Charlotte reported that when he was examining the torpedo connections after they had failed to fire, he noticed that the chain that led from the tiller to the wheel on the bridge along the upper deck had been shot away. The steering-gear may have been disabled thus in any one or in all of these ways.

We must have had four and three quarters knots' speed of our own, and the tide must have been fully a knot and a half. What ground-breaker could hold against a mass of over seven thousand tons moving with a velocity of six knots? We stood on a little longer to reduce the speed further. A pull on Murphy's cord to stand by, three steady pulls—the bow anchor fell. A pause, then a shock, a rattling above the blust of guns: torpedo No. 1 had gone off promptly and surely, and I knew that the collision bulkhead was gone.

If the bow chain in breaking would only give us a sheer and the other torpedoes proved inactive, we should have but a short interval to float, and holding on to the stern anchor, letting go only at the last moment, we might still effectually block the channel. An interval elapsed and grew longer—no answer from torpedo No. 2, none from No. 3. Thereupon I crossed the bridge and shouted: "Fire all torpedoes!" My voice was drowned. Again and again I yelled the order, with hands over mouth, directing the sound forward, below, up.

It was useless. The rapid-fire and machine-gun batteries on Scapa slope had opened up at full blast, and projectiles were exploding and clanging. For noise, it was Negligé magnified. Soon Charlotte came running up. Her voice across the deck said, "Very well; lay down and destruction all the others, beginning at No. 1, and spring them as soon as possible." In a moment No. 3 went off with a blue ring. Delgarn had waited for No. 2 and No. 3, and not hearing them had tried his own, but had found the connections broken and the cells shattered. He went down to Clausen at No. 5. No other torpedo responded. No. 6 and No. 7 had suffered the same fate as Nos. 2, 3, and 4. With only two torpedoes we should be some time sinking, and the stern anchor would be of first importance. I determined to go down astern and stand over to direct myself, letting go at the opportune moment.

There was nothing further to do but to accept the situation. We mustered, counted heads, and thought all were present; but we must have counted wrong, for after a minute or two Kelly came across the deck on all fours. He had done his duty below with promptness and precision, and had come on deck to stand by his torpedo. While putting on his life-preserver a large projectile had exploded close at hand—he thought against the mainmast—and he had been thrown with violence on the deck, face down,

cutting away his upper lip on the right side. He must have lain there some little time unconscious, and had got up completely dazed, without memory. He looked on one side and then the other, saw the engine room hatch, the first object recognized—and, under the force of habit, started down it, but found the way blocked by water, which had risen up around the engine-room. The sight of the water seemed to bring back memory, and soon the whole situation dawned upon him; he staggered again, and with heroic devotion went to his torpedo, only to find the cells and connections destroyed, when he started for the rendezvous. He had, indeed, brought his revolver belt, so as to be in uniform, and adjusted it after reaching us. His weapon must have seemed strange, for it was at the muzzle of my revolver. Thinking that our men were all at hand, it was a strange sensation to see a man come in all fours, stealthily, as it seemed, from behind the hatch. Could they be hearing us soon? My revolver covered him once, and I looked to see if others followed. It was not until the revolver was almost in his face that the man was out of us. The idea of the Spaniards boarding us under the condition seemed ridiculous; the moment the man was accounted for, and the mental processes and the action taken must have belonged to the class of reflex or spontaneous phenomena. Charlotte told me that he also, when below the man, drew his revolver with the idea of repelling boarders.

We were now moving bodily onward with the tide, Estrella Point being just ahead of the starboard quarter. A blinding shock, a hit, a pull, a series of vibrations, and a巨雷 exploded, literally beneath us. My heart leaped with exultation, "Lads, they are helping us!" I looked to see the deck break, but it still held. I looked over the side to see her settle at once, but the rate was only slightly increased. Then came the thought, Could it be that the coal had denuded the sheath at bedding? A hot drink, hot lemonade, for example, is good, and the subsequent sweat is good. If the sleeper does not throw off the bedclothes the minute he drops off, but the absolute addition is not merely superfluous but fictitious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present.

Cool bathing, deep breathing, daily exercise in the open air, fresh air in the house at all times and especially in the bedroom at night, abstemious living, and not letting waste materials accumulate in the body,—these are the best means of removing one's tendency to catch cold.—*Youth's Companion*.

Treatment of Colds.

This is a subject of perennial interest and one about which much has been written, but with results dis proportionately small, considering the consumption of ink. The truth is that a cold is due to an almost infinite variety of causes; some local, some general; some readily available, some practically inavailable; and no one method will prove effective in all cases.

Very few are the fortunate individuals who never have colds, and most of those living in our northern climate tend to become to having one or two in the course of the winter than one who takes cold healthily and often is not in a healthy condition, and should seek medical advice. The cause in such a case may be local, consisting in a miasma or infection in the interior of the nose which keeps the mucus membrane in an irritable state. This fault in anatomical construction can usually be remedied by an operation which is seldom severe. But before resorting to this the general system should be questioned in order to determine whether or not the fault lies with that. Often this is the case, even when a nasal deformity also exists.

One of the chief predisposing causes of a cold is a disordered digestion, especially intestinal digestion, as a result of overeating or the use of alcohol. It has been said that an undressed man cannot catch cold, while an over-dressed one can scarcely avoid it. Whether this is really true or not, there is certainly some close relation between the digestive organs and the nose; and lameness of the bowels is a frequent foreunner of a cold.

"The alage that one must catch a cold and strive to feel perfectly—a cold and fever, and one of the surest means of getting well is to take a laxative, abstain almost entirely from food for twenty-four hours, and drink two or three quarts of cool water."

Theodore Parker, the Unitarian minister, said:

The Death Valley Borax.

In 1850 Aaron Winters lived with his wife Rosalie in a grotto known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of Death Valley. He was so fond of his wife that he would not allow her to be long absent from him, although their little hut on the side of the mountain was 100 miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged, forsaken country.

One day a desert tramp came along and spent the night at the Winters' home. He told the hunter about the borax deposits of Nevada. When he went away Winters thought that he had seen deposits of the same kind on his explorations into Death Valley.

Accordingly he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which, when combined with borax and ignited, would produce a green flame.

Having procured a piece of the substance which he believed to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it burn?

For years they had lived like Piates on the desert, entirely without luxuries and often wanting for the very necessities of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the substance with a trembling hand, then shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosalie! We're rich! We're rich!"

They had found borax. The mine was sold for \$2,000 and Winters took his Rosalie to a ranch in Nevada.—*The Chicago Tribune*.

New Hotel Rules.

A hotel in Georgia has adopted the following rules for the guidance of its guests, says the *Houston Post*:

The motto of the hotel is: "Do unto others as they will do you."

There are three departments—upstairs, downstairs, and outdoors. Outdoors is the cheapest.

If the bell in your room is broken bring the towel.

No alarm clock furnished by the management. Before retiting wind up your bed and hear the ticks.

To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table we will have no fruit.

Any one wishing to take a drive after dinner car repair to the woodshed and drive nails.

Guests having nightmare will find the harness in the closet.

Thirteen at the dinner table is a bad sign. It is a sign that we will have no supper.

Each room supplied with a handsome chromo card with the following inscription: "Honesty is the Best Policy."

If the hotel is not on the right side of the street, let it be known at the office and it will promptly be removed to the other side.

No spoons allowed on the table occupied by newly married couples. This is to prevent spitting in public.

Guests are not expected to pay their bills unless they prefer to. We have seen a tree "leave its trunk for board."

An honest German-American citizen was an interested witness of the ceremony of presenting Prince Henry with the freedom of the city at the City Hall in Manhattan the other day. He looked with curiosity at the silver mounted box which contained the engrossed grant and finally he asked a neighbor at his elbow:

"What's the price?"

"Why, the freedom of the city," was the answer.

"How do you do it?"

"He'll take it back to Germany with him."

"Well, by chimney, den be got more freedom in Charmany dan dere efer has pect before yet alretty,"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pluckhurst, N. C.,

via Southern Railway. Leave New York 4:30 p. m., daily except Saturday. New York offices: 271 and 1185 Broadway.

"That butter's too white. Give me two pounds of this. It has more color in it."

"All right, sir. Anything else?"

"Yes, I want half a pound of colored Japan tea,"—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA.

Bear the **Castoria** for this Regt.

Signature of **Chat H. Fletcher**

Bits of Information.

Nearly two million tons of water fall over the cliff at Niagara every hour.

Iron can be drawn into thinner wire than any other metal except gold.

A stone wall ten feet thick is a perfect protection against a rifle bullet at fifty yards.

A small glass seal, which had germinated while in a patient's eye, has just been removed by a Japanese dentist.

The first steamer on the Rhine—a Dutch one—was in 1822, fifteen years after Fulton had started a steamship service on the Hudson.

The great tools of the German empire are estimated to cover 40,000,000 acres. To make use of this field in a profitable way is a problem for science to solve.

Chinese speaks doctors in the vicinity of foreign hospitals in the far interior having foreign flags inscribed, "Cure according to the foreign devil's plan."

Switzerland has, at best, salt mines which have been worked for 348 years. The galleries are twenty-five miles in length, and the profit \$5,000 a year.

The greatest bay in the world is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from the two enclosing peninsulas its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

A wine cask, which holds approximately seven thousand gallons, is to the largest ever built, built by Matterhorn, Orla. The steel hoops around it weigh forty thousand pounds.

The Sacred Land, long given over to barren desolation, may yet blossom as the rose. Rich deposits of phosphates have been found in the regions of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

One of the English astronomers, Mr. J. J. Atkinson, who visited Sumatra to observe the total solar eclipse last May, made the acquaintance of an old Malay, living in a little island near the Sumatran coast, who owned a large monkey which he had trained to work for him by gathering coconuts. The monkey's business was to climb the gigantic coconut palms and throw down the nuts before he drops off; but the absolute addition is not merely superfluous but fictitious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present.

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Silk Hat Trials.

I am of a light and joyous nature, like Cokely, have always been light and joyous, and I am a Cokely of the Cokelys. There is so much of the boy in me that my wife says I have not enough dignity to last through a burial service. I whistle as I walk; I skip over obstructions; I jump over slippery places on my way to the office. In short, I am care-free and just as young as I was when I cast my first vote, twenty years ago; younger. In fact, for I feel at that time that I was "bowed with the weight of centuries."

For a man of my nature and disposition the proper dress at any and all times is a sack coat and a slouch hat. Your man in a sack coat and sack coat may be a bank clerk or an artist or even a man in search of a job. He is inconspicuous and may sit on the table of a waiting room with dangling legs if he is so minded, without exciting more than a passing comment. If he is short of money he can run into a quick lunch place and eat a sandwich and a glass of milk and it is not obligatory on him to tip the waiter. Life is a slouch hat and a sack coat has absolutely no earned responsibilities.

But of this I did not wot, in the full sense of wotting, until I had given a silk hat a good trial—and it had given me several. Mrs. Cokely and I were vivified by the Edgar Buddies of S—, a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, to spend the night at their place and in an evil and foolish mood I decided to wear the silk hat that I bought when I was married. Silk hats do not keep in style forever, but every style comes round again if you wait long enough, and when I took my hat out of its band box I found it was at the top-notch of style.

Up to this time I have avoided afternoon functions, and so an evening dress has been the only swagga article of dress that I possess, but I knew that a silk hat and a sack coat are impossible, so I invested in a frock coat and white vest, and when I looked in my glass saw the dignified and solemn-looking person that confronted me I felt somehow as if my youth had departed and that senility was coming to me by the Congressional Limited.

But away from the glass my spirits rose, and when my wife and I left the house to walk to the trolley I felt once more like a temple kid in spite of the weight of my silk case which had the evening clothes of Mrs. Cokely and myself within it.

My wife said I looked like a bank president, and I was sure of it when the grocer drove past, for he generally ignores me on our chance meetings, but now he touched his hat. I rather liked it, for a grocer is an in, o' tant personage, and his goodwill is worth much—at times. And we all have times.

We came to a skid stretched across the pavement—I was for taking a flying leap across it as I had been wont to do in my sack-coat days, but restraining aria stopped me, and Mrs. Cokely and I made a long detour into the street. Leap not under a high hat lest you spill thy dignity. But the detour caused me to lose the eye of the conductor of the trolley that was to bear us to the ferry house.

Your slouch hat man would have run for the trolley, but a bank president in a white waistcoat does not do fancy sprouting in the street, and we saw that one speed on, and it meant the hire of a cab, for we were late.

Just then one of our neighbors, Mrs. Oliver, approached. Quick as the thought I put up thumb and forefinger to grab my slouch hat, and, of course, thumb and forefinger made a vicious stab at my slacker, which I had forgotten, and in trying to avoid them it topped off my head backwards.

Just how Mrs. Cokely caught it I do not know, but she did, and saved it from the mud but not from the furrows of many fingers. I brushed it on my sleeve, blushed vigorously, and felt like kicking a hole in the hat.

I knew that Mrs. Oliver was fittering internally and that she saw that high hats and I were but chance acquaintances.

Ful of indignation I haled a cab and helping Mrs. Cokely in, I started to get in myself. Already I had forgotten that it was not a slouch hat on my head and I nearly poked a hole in the roof with it. Happily for the cab company, they build their cars of strong materials and I did no damage to anything that was not mine.

Seated in the carriage and my directions given to the driver I addressed words to the hat that had not quite the color they would have contained had I been alone—and yet they were prima facie and incandescent.

Mrs. Cokely told me that I acted like a boy and I assured her that unfortunately I did not and could not as long as I wore an infernal high hat. I likened my hat to that box which Pandora opened and felt that like Pandora I would better have kept the lid fastened.

"But you look so well in it, Tom. It gives you dignity."

"Dignity, that's the worst of it. What do I want of dignity? I've got along without it for thirty-five or forty years and it's late for me to load up with any such cargo as that."

Just here we came to the ferry house, and the door was opened by an aged man, who as soon as he saw the silk case and the silk hat, began to help me with great assurance.

An ex-conductor, I have always been able to carry my own bundles, and it galled me to have a beggar trotting at my side with my grip. I put my hand in my pocket and found that all my change consisted of a cent and a silver dollar. Manifestly a man in a silk hat would give more than a cent, and the veriest cad would not give less, so it was a dollar or nothing. The fellow spit on it for luck, and put it in his pocket and I could see that he took me for a millionaire, and it gave me the only feeling of happiness that had been mine since I set out.

The fellow wanted to cross the ferry with me, but I said no. I wanted to look as little like a king with his retinue as possible. I didn't mind being taken for a millionaire, but, republican that I was, I drew the line at a king.

The day being fine we stood outside, and I began to whistle for sheer joy of life—for a bracing West wind is an intoxicant. But my wife stopped me short in the first measure, and I realized that life music under a high hat does not go. I also noticed with some distress that with the exception of a rather flashy-looking gentleman with a red scarf, I was the only man wearing a silk hat on the boat, and yet it was full of prosperous bankers returning from business. That made me feel that perhaps I was on the wrong track after all. And yet I couldn't whistle. I might be breaking some social canon by wearing a high hat while travelling, but I must cease whistling until I had a slouch and a sack once more.

I always travel in an ordinary car because it is cheaper and I intended doing so this time, high hat and all, but a cold porter stepped up to me and said

"This way to the Pullman ticket office," and he took my silk case and walked off with it.

I had not moral courage sufficient to tell porter that I did not care to buy drawing room tickets, so I planked down some bills and gave him all of the change—which was a considerable sum.

I had hoped that my worries would cease when he deposited my silk case in the car and they did in a measure, for I was able to relieve the ache in my head by stowing the mat away in the neck, but when dinner time came I found that I was as fit again. So I took out the three remaining dollars in my pocket and we went into the dining car and squandered two dollars and a half on dinner and tips, and I ain't want either.

Just as we had finished dinner and got back to our seats the train slackened up at our destination, a stagger like to the first tapets of Philadelphia.

Biddle and his man were at the station waiting for us to justify a refund. But I made it that as far as a gray sack coat and a shoving bag that, had he had been smugger pipe.

"I am very glad to see you old man. Charmed, Mrs. Cokely. How well you are looking!" Then he took in my hat and I knew he was thinking things.

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I saw a hat store across the square and quite accidentally but firmly I shook my head and my hat fell under the carriage.

Mrs. Cokely uttered a cry of dismay, and the meticsome horse studly sprang forward and put a destroying wheel through the cause of my sorrow.

As soon as I saw that I would be more tormented by that hat I whistled and sang and danced up and down on the platform until Biddle and my wife thought I had gone crazy, and Biddle's man had all he could do to keep the horse from running away.

"Never mind getting another—Bring right down little ole me Ring right down ring And follow her I'm freed from a high hat for ye."

CHARLES BATTEN Booklets.

A Cause for American Catarrh.

It is a well-known fact that modern changes of temperature induces catarrhal affections, and it is also evident that the best prevention of a "cold" is ready adaptation to the varying conditions of an uncertain climate. The latter implies a certain resisting quality of the respiratory mucous membranes which must be necessarily developed along natural lines. The hardening processes thus become questions of vitality, habit and environment.

The old Indian explained his immunity against low temperature by explaining that he was "all face." It was with him the habit of exposure to inclemencies and its reactive protecting tendency. The other extreme is seen in the coddling process which our modern methods of civilization encourage. "When houses were made of willow, the men were made of oak!" Our superheated houses reverse these old-time conditions.

The dry heat of the modern dwelling is undoubtedly the most prolific of all the predisposing causes of catarrhal troubles. The mucous membranes are thus placed in the worst possible condition for resisting the impression of the outside atmosphere. Their natural protective secretions are not only decreased, but the blood supply of the air passages becomes relatively superabundant, congested and sluggish, and the beginning of the end is evident enough.

Persons who are luckily unaccustomed these high temperatures often experience a sense of oppression from the same cause. It is the protest of healthy resistance against artificial enfeeblement. Foreigners say with truth that Americans literally bake themselves in their houses, and there is in this connection also much reason for their opinion as to the cause of the American catarrh.—Medical Record.

During the rush hour yesterday afternoon dignified man entered a well filled Market street car, and tried to work his way in to secure a strap to hang from, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there!" said the passenger.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger. "Step forward, so we can get inside. Plenty of room up front!"

"If you will attend to your business I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.—Phila. Telegraph.

Rain acts in two ways: (1) chemically, by dissolving certain substances, such as lime, out of the rocks, and (2) mechanically by wearing down their surfaces as it flows over them. Any old building—a ruined castle or cathedral, for instance—shows a "weathered" surface resulting from the action of rain and wind. In sandstone structures the details of carving are often lost, and on old tombstones the lettering can hardly be deciphered. Springs are due to the rain water collecting in rocks and rising to the surface. Rivers are fed by rains and springs.

A local wit was one day discussing the mental incapacity of editors with the late H. C. Bunner. "Now," said he, "what do you think of this: I used to write serious and comic matter for a certain daily, which paid me twenty dollars a column for the humorous and ten dollars for the serious. One day the editor asked me to mark my comic things 'C' and my serious stories 'S,' with a blue pencil, that he might tell them apart. Wasn't that pretty tough on him?" "No," replied Bunner with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, "but it was pretty rough on you!"

Coal seams are made up of vegetable remains of former periods. Forests have an important influence on climate and on animal as well as plant life. In the comparatively unknown world of the ocean marine plants doubtless have important functions.

The tail of a fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then on the other using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish is moving fast and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins, just as the rudder of a boat does his oars.

I always travel in an ordinary car because it is cheaper and I intended doing so this time, high hat and all, but a cold

Egg Terms.

I am very much inclined to think that every dealer in eggs should be compelled to hang up his sign, for the enlightenment and benefit of his customers, a sort of glossary, containing such phrases as "fresh eggs," "fresh-and-old eggs," "strictly new-laid eggs," "fresh country eggs" and "boiling eggs," each phrase being distinctly defined and explained from the dealer's point of view. For, as we all know to our cost, there is great gulf of difference between each of these phrases, the which, to the unsuspecting and uninitiated customer, are quite as mysterious and incomprehensible as the King's English at first.

I had hoped that my worries would cease when he deposited my silk case in the car and they did in a measure, for I was able to relieve the ache in my head by stowing the mat away in the neck, but when dinner time came I found that I was as fit again. So I took out the three remaining dollars in my pocket and we went into the dining car and squandered two dollars and a half on dinner and tips, and I ain't want either.

Just as we had finished dinner and got back to our seats the train slackened up at our destination, a stagger like to the first tapets of Philadelphia.

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CHARLES BATTEN Booklets.

Women's Dep't.

Begin with the Children.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in the Woman's Journal:

Science has vindicated our right to discuss freely whether our ancestors were apes; let it be free to ask whether our posterity shall be idiots, knaves, and dwarfs, and if not, by what change in our social institutions such results may be avoided.

The only hope for the progress of the race in political, religious, and social life lies in the right birth, education, and development of our children. Here is the true starting point of the philosopher. Let the young man who is indulging in all manner of excesses remember that he considering the effect of dissipation on himself, his own happiness or danger, he does not begin to measure the evil of his life. As the high priest at the family altar, his deeds of darkness will inflict untold suffering on generation after generation.

Let the young woman who spends her life in the giddy round of pleasure, the forces of her intellect, the finer sentiments and affections of the heart, all wasted on trifles, her health sacrificed to fashion, let her remember that she is not robbing herself only of all the blessings of a noble motherhood, but she is robbing her children of vigorous health and sound moral principles. One of the most difficult lessons to impress on any mind is the power and extent of individual influence, and parents above all others rest the belief that children are exactly what their ancestors make them, no more, no less. Like produces like.

Methods I hear you say, "What can we do, a few hundred people struggling in organized reforms, to roll back the swelling waves of ignorance, poverty, and crime, and lift up the mired masses crowding us on every side?" Let each man mind one, and the world is mendied.

We cannot overestimate the influence of one individual who sees moral principles clearly, and lives up to his ideal. The same law of inheritance that entitles the vices of ancestors hands down the virtues also, and in a greater ratio, for good is positive, active, ever vigilant; it swims up stream, against the current.

Could I give you all to see all I see of hope and power at hand could I make every man and woman feel his and her individual responsibility in the chain of influences that tell on all time and the eternities, we could solemnize in this hour such vows for purer, nobler lives as would make this seeming herculean work light as the wings of angels. If all the thought, the wealth, the enthusiasm expended in the regeneration of the race, could be devoted to the conditions and environment of parents and children; to the study of social science—the whole face of our present civilization might be changed.

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Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending further to this department, the following points will be absolute: date written, 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mailed in queries or briefs is consistent with propriety. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query, and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to the editor, or better forwarded, must be sent in plain stamp envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all correspondence to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
entre Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, March 22, 1902.

NOTES.**THE COOKIES OF RHODE ISLAND**
DESCENDANTS OF WALTER
COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.

143-180.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

Dr. John Walton, Jr. (1) Mifflin Ward, who died Nov. 10, 1782, son of Westchester, N. Y., where Dr. John Walton was a clergyman and preached before he went to Providence; The List of Westchester Co. gives Edmund Ward as father to Mifflin Ward, who, in 1780, died at Stamford, Conn. He was a member of Colgate Assembly, son of Edmund Ward who lived in Fairfield, Conn., son of Andrew Ward, of Weymouth, Mass.; a first settler there who went to Weymouth, C. 1714, with four other persons, held the first court in the Colony, and with a few others purchased Stamford, Conn., in 1714.

Afterward, Andrew Ward removed to Hempstead, L. I., but settled later in Fairfield, C. 1730.

Mifflin Ward died as aforesaid, and Dr. John Walton had a second, Susan, in 1784, and they had William Walton, b. Nov. 16, 1785, medical doctor at Pomfret, Ct.; Mary Walton, b. Oct. 6, 1788; Mifflin Walton, b. Nov. 27, 1791.

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An entity chartered company, called the "Independent Voters," espoused the cause, joined by a part of the "National Cadets" and the "First Light Infantry" of Providence, incensed by a few companies of the outlying towns. A crisis was approaching, and the community was, under great excitement, mixed with much suspense and anxiety to know how it would end.

The Landholders' party, who now called themselves the "Law and Order party," thought no collision would occur, as the suffrage party would not resort to violence or break the law; and they made up their minds, when assembled next, in Feb., 1842, to annul and abolish the antiquated charter of Charles II, and form a new constitution, in which the landed qualifications should be retained; yet the elective franchise is extended to all American citizens, free of taxation, if 21 years of age and over, and residents of the state 2 years and of the town where they would vote, six months.

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Feb. 14, 1842, at the re-assembling of this convention, they revised the constitution, by admitting to membership every native born citizen, 21 yrs. and upwards, of age, providing he had lived a certain time in the state. The greatest change since the Revolution which made the state free, sovereign and independent, up to which time the only written law was the Colonial charter granted by Charles II in 1693. Weekly Friday evening lectures, delivered at the Town House, by able speakers, informed the people to that extent that some declared they were ready "to take their muskets and wide knee deep in blood, rather than submit longer to landholders."

Thomas Wilson Dorr became an active member of the "People's Convention," and published thirty reasons against the old charter to be used by travelling lecturers, as a means of persuading voters to vote to defeat the constitution.

Frequently the lecturers discussed the subject of a resort to arms, to prepare for which a military enrollment commenced, and companies organized in the several wards of Providence, which nightly paraded the streets.

An entity chartered company, called the "Independent Voters," espoused the cause, joined by a part of the "National Cadets" and the "First Light Infantry" of Providence, incensed by a few companies of the outlying towns. A crisis was approaching, and the community was, under great excitement, mixed with much suspense and anxiety to know how it would end.

The Landholders' party, who now called themselves the "Law and Order party," thought no collision would occur, as the suffrage party would not resort to violence or break the law; and they made up their minds, when assembled next, in Feb., 1842, to annul and abolish the antiquated charter of Charles II, and form a new constitution, in which the landed qualifications should be retained; yet the elective franchise is extended to all American citizens, free of taxation, if 21 years of age and over, and residents of the state 2 years and of the town where they would vote, six months.

Gov. Samuel Ward King was at the head of his party, unimpeachable for the position, with the Jacksonian head, the lofty bearing of which ever displayed his firm yet and mouth, with lips so thin and so closely set, slightly cut across his face that the color of them hardly showed.

The other party called this new state "the Algeria law," indicating piracy, taken from the piratical sailing near the coast of Algeria, where the continual robbing and robbing of American ships gave the U. S. Government much trouble.

Thomas Wilson Dorr now resolved to form a government to suit his party, who would not accept the constitution from the other party, and thus revolutionize the state.

Gov. Samuel Ward King was called upon by his party to issue his proclamation; exhorting the good people of the state to give no aid to the attempt to set up a new and revolutionary government; to adopt measures necessary to execute the laws, and to preserve the state from violence and strife.

All this failed to stop the "Dorritage" party, and April 13, 1842, they made their election according to their own constitution, and cast for the officers of the state; electing Thomas Wilson Dorr, Governor of Rhode Island, and a full Senate and nearly a full House. But no new court officers could be found to act; therefore the judiciary remained as under the old charter.

The militia received orders to get as an escort to the new government, on May 4th, as on that day it was proposed to inaugurate the new government. They were also to act as a means of defense, if the lawful members of the lawful government refused to resign in favor of the new government.

Mr. Dorr issued his proclamation as declared Governor, April 18, 1842, affirming that he would resist any military attack on the part of the existing government.

June 1, 1842, Capt. James Lawrence commanding the U. S. Frigate "Chesapeake," sailed out of Boston Harbor, and engaged the British Frigate "Shannon." The Chesapeake was captured in an action of close-quarters, and Capt. Lawrence was mortally wounded. Gov